

MINI ME

Tobe Nwigwe

(See your life)

Yeah (See it)

Mm (See it)

Let me talk to 'em (Look at somethin')

Look, Peter Pan to these lost boys, they follow me
Keep a heaper heap for those who creep with no apologies
Speak for those who seek to be at peace with dope Walhalla beats
Found peace inside monogamy, you peekin' at the prophecy, uh
I am the one filled with halle
But from where they ball in part, they 'round my whole city (Halle)
On God, I seen shells fly in broad day
Had me leggin' prostrate, thank Yahweh ain't none hit me (Yahweh)
Fat just had my son indeed, but a small catch
Is that I've had sons, just not out my ballsack
Fall back, I be appalled that
All that I've done for my sons don't get wall plaques
Look, I should walk up in the room and see up on the wall
Greatest father figure of 'em all
Not because I'm cold and I need to ball
Or my Southern drawl, I should get applause
For the fact I father every one of y'all
Literally, yeah, don't belittle me
Put your hands together, say a prayer, player
Don't forget to mention me, thank Yah that He sent for me
And I'll continue to have empathy for all my mini me's, uh

Yeah, you're my mini me (Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh, yeah)
Yeah, you're my mini me (Not just makin' it up)
Yeah, you're my mini me (Say it how it should be said)
Nah, yeah (I'm sick of you bein' nice to all these boys, they're our babies)
You are my mini me (Children, sons)
You are my mini me, yeah (The only difference between them and Chu-Chu)
You are my mini me (Is they ain't come out of me, pause)
Heheheh, nah, for real (They are Tobechukwu Dubem Nwigwe sons)

D.O.L.L.A., uh, only makes sense for D.O.L.L.A. to reproduce
Did the garden labor myself, baby skinnied the fruit
Where I'm from it subconsciously put the beast in you
Eat or be eaten, sweet or get you a sweeter tooth, uh
Taught me keep it two, now I'm teachin' tools
Want my son to rule the world, I'ma tweak the rules
Say my next should keep some jewels, but I disagree
Degree ain't more powerful than jewels I'ma leave
Forty-six chromosomes, favor in twenty-three
The ones that come from me is just a different breed
Like, they ain't come up out my sack, I slid 'em from my sleeve
First trust fund babies that's gon' behave as kings
Keep your head up high, but don't bump it on the sky
Uh, confidence is key, boy, you come from a line
Don't make me tap your wrist, make sure they know the time
It's inside of your behavior, screamin' out your mind
Tell 'em roll out the red carpet, we special people
And we don't see nobody as lesser equals
Boy, times change, keep the energy
We pray on enemy and never let him take our inner peace, ooh

Yeah, you're my mini me (Okay, Dame)
Yeah, you're my mini me (Okay, Dame)
Yeah, you're my mini me (You ain't gotta tap your wrist)
Nah, yeah (They know what time it is, you was talkin' 'bout your sons)
You are my mini me (Nah, but they your children too)
You are my mini me, yeah (They are Dame)
You are my mini me (And Tobechukwu children, welcome)
Heheheh, nah, for real (Welcome to the family, sons)